

BATMAN
No.42

AUG.-SEPT.
TEN CENTS

A SUPERMAN
DC
PUBLICATION

BATMAN

A 52 PAGE
MAGAZINE

The PARTNERS IN PERIL
face the steel-clawed
fury of
The CATWOMAN



"Hey—
who's the genius?"



*Genius or not, you can make fine snaps easily
... snaps the gang will go far in a great big way.*

Good snapshots have winning ways. People like to see pictures of themselves, of the games, parties, picnics they've enjoyed together. They like the snaps; and they admire the photographer.

Know how easy snapshots are? Even first attempts come out beautifully. Part of the secret of good pictures, of course, is an eye for pictures; that's up to you. And good film—Kodak Verichrome Film—is another essential. It cuts out the guesswork. You press the button—it does the rest... Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester 4, N. Y.

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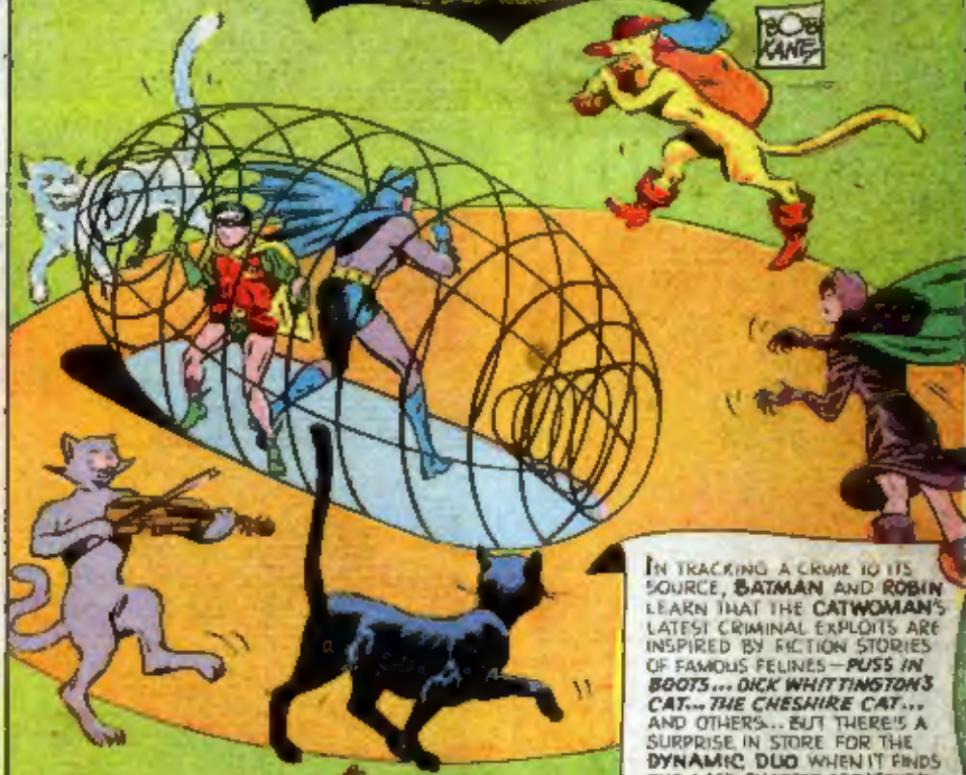
In ever increasing supply. This
little camera, priced at only \$3,
plus tax, can go with you anytime,
anywhere. Just the thing for
"starters." Gets clear, bright,
big pictures. No adjust-
ment, no focusing.
Once loaded—it's
set for action!

Kodak

BATMAN WITH ROBIN

ROBIN

-THE BOY WONDER-



CLAWS of the CATWOMAN

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USUALLY A CANARY IS IN A CAGE, BUT THIS TIME IT'S A CAT—THAT CRIME QUEEN—THE CATWOMAN!

MAIL FOR YOU, KITTEN! IT'S A BOOK!

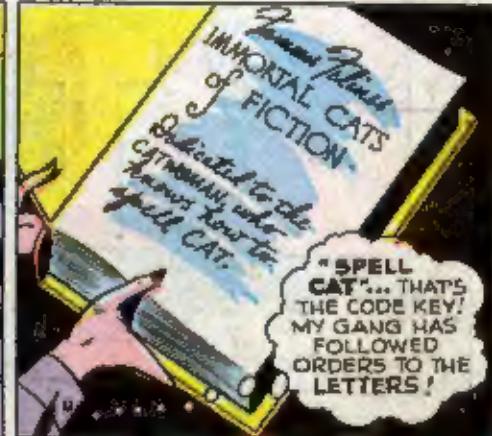
THANKS!



FIRST—I TEAR OUT THE THIRD PAGE, WHICH CORRESPONDS TO THE THIRD LETTER OF THE ALPHABET—C...



THEN THE CATWOMAN ROLLS THE PAGES INTO A TIGHT BALL, ATTACHES A STRING THAT BECOMES A PULSE...



...THEN, PAGES ONE AND TWENTY, MEANING LETTERS Q AND T! THAT'S HOW I SPELL C-A-T!



LATER... THE LAIR OF THE CATWOMAN!

YES, HECATE,
THE "FAMOUS
FELINES OF
FICTION" WILL
FORM MY NEW
CRIME PATTERN...

PURR-RR
PURR-RR

THE NEXT DAY, ON A STREET IN
GOTHAM CITY...

MEOW!
MEOW! MEOW!

TEN LITTLE KITTENS
HUNG UP TO DRY

SOMEBODY'S GOT
A MEAN SENSE OF
HUMOR! THOSE
POOR LITTLE
KITTENS.

A POLICEMAN HELPING A CAT--A
FAMILIAR SCENE!

MEOW!
MEOW!

MEANWHILE,
ANOTHER CAT
HELPS HERSELF--
TO GEMS!

THE COP'S
STILL OFF HIS
BEAT!

THANKS, SLUG...
AND THANK
YOU, SIR!

Y--YOU'RE
WELCOME!

I STUCK
THE POSTER
ON THE WINDOW
AS YOU ORDERED!

FINE! IT WILL
GIVE THE POLICE
SOMETHING TO
THINK ABOUT.

LATER... THOSE UNOFFICIAL LAWMEN,
BRUCE WAYNE AND HIS WARD, DICK
GRAYSON--ALIAS BATMAN AND ROBIN--
THINK ABOUT IT ALSO...

"PUSS IN
BOOTS":
HMM... RIDING
BOOTS?

THAT
REMINDS ME--THE
RODEO OPENS TONIGHT!
COULD IT MEAN
THE CATWOMAN
IN COWGIRL
BOOTS?



THE CHASE LEADS TO THE RODEO ARENA... AND ONE PANTHERISH LEAP CARRIES THE CATWOMAN ASTRIDE A HORSE! THEN...



BUT THE GATE DOES OPEN—AND WILD BRONCOS AND BULLS BREAK LOOSE!



THE AUDIENCE NOW SEES A MORE EXCITING SHOW THAN WAS ADVERTISED!

IT'S ROBIN,
THE BOY
WONDER...

RIDE 'EM,
ROBIN!

YAHOO!
THERE GOES
BATMAN!



WHOA!
DON'T BE BULL-
HEADED! LIE
DOWN AND
REST!



THAT IS
SHORE PRETTY,
ROPIN' BATMAN!

THAT ROUNDS UP THE
LAST OF 'EM! BY THE
WAY—THE CATWOMAN
DROPPED THIS.

DICK
WHITTINGTON?

NEXT CHAPTER
"DICK
WHITTINGTON'S
CAT"

YES—
YOU REMEMBER
THE STORY OF DICK
WHITTINGTON, WHO
BECAME LORD MAYOR
OF LONDON BECAUSE
OF HIS CAT?

OH, YES—HIS CAT KILLED
THE RATS ON A FOREIGN
ISLAND AND THE
GRATEFUL KING
BOUGHT IT FOR
A SMALL FORTUNE!

A NICE
STORY,
BUT NOT
TRUE!



IN THE 14TH CENTURY, THE TYPE OF SHIP THAT CARRIED COAL WAS CALLED A "CAT"! THE REAL DICK WHITTINGTON MADE A FORTUNE WITH HIS "CAT"—A SHIP HAULING COAL!



INSIDE THE PAYMASTER'S OFFICE...



YES, IT'S A CAT... GIVING HER PACK THE GO-AHEAD SIGNAL!



AND WE'RE THE BATMAN AND ROBIN, AREN'T WE?

NEED YOU ASK?





AS THE PLUNDER PRINCESS REACHES THE TRUCK'S CAB, THE DYNAMIC DUO DROPS THROUGH!

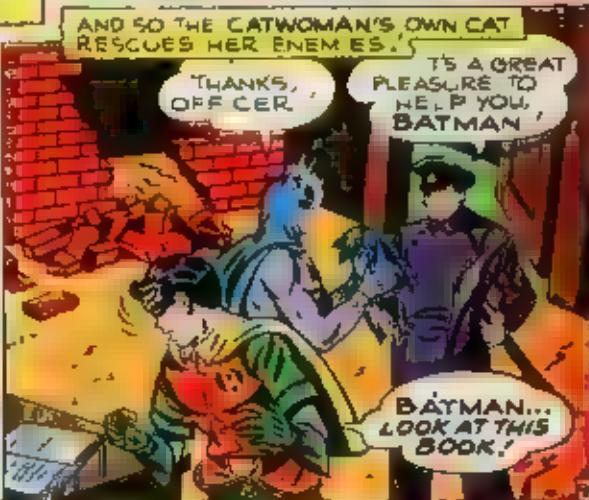


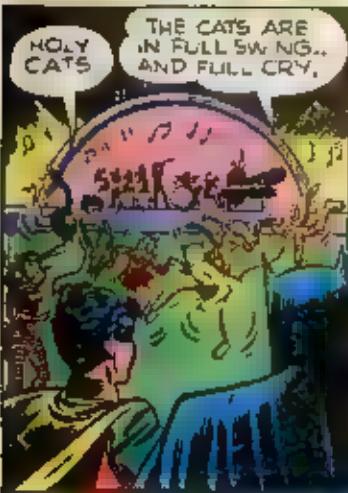
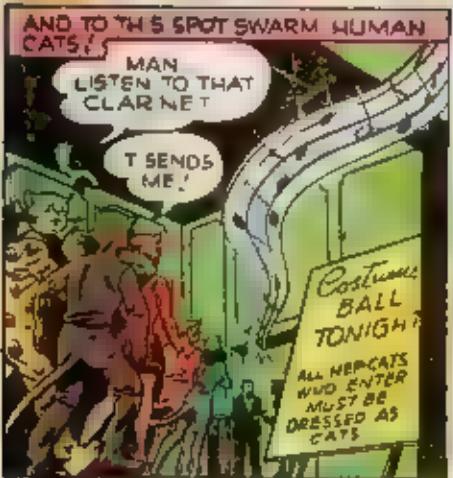
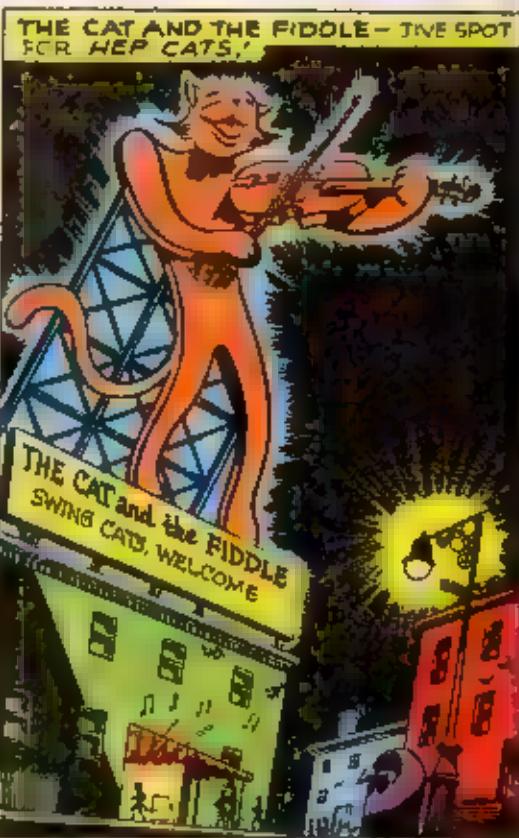
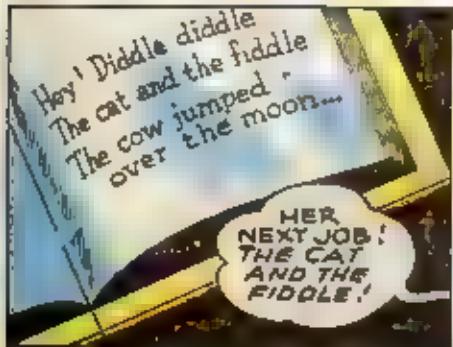
BUT THE CATWOMAN FLIPS A HAND LEVER— AND THE BACK FLAP OF THE TRUCK DROPS!





AND AS THE LAST BRICK GOES INTO PLACE, LIKE THE CHESHIRE CAT, THE CATWOMAN DISAPPEARS FROM VIEW—LEAVING THE DYNAMIC DUO ENTOMBED!





WOW! AFTER THAT, IT WILL BE A RELIEF TO TANGLE WITH THE CATWOMAN!

AND IN THE OWNER'S OFFICE...

YOU HEP-CATS CAN'T COME IN HERE!

BOY, DID YOU LOOK FUNNY.
YOU'D BETTER GET HEP TO THE FACT THAT I'M THE CATWOMAN, AND GIVE ME THE NIGHTS TAKE-FAST!

WHAT'S YOUR HURRY?

YOU!! HOW?



THEN THE AGILE CATWOMAN LEAPS OUT A WINDOW AND ONTO A ROOF...

GOT TO TRICK THEM. THEY'LL CATCH ME IF I DON'T...



STOP THE GIANT CAT SIGN,
THE CATWOMAN AND
BATMAN FIGHT IT OUT

GIVE UP KITTY!

NEVER

TAKE ONE
MORE
STEP AND
I'LL
CLAW
YOU

BUT BATMAN PLAYS IT SMART—HE PULLS A WRE
VIOLIN "STRING" AND . . .

THAT'S
MUSIC TO MY
EARS!

EEEK!

N NN-NN NNG!

HELP!
I'M STUCK!
I CAN'T
MOVE
TO MY VERSION
OF A FAMOUS
FELINE OF FICTION.
REMEMBER THE
"BELL THE CAT"
STORY?

GOOD
NOW YOU
CAN LISTEN
TO MY VERSION
OF A FAMOUS
FELINE OF FICTION.
REMEMBER THE
"BELL THE CAT"
STORY?

IT'S A STORY OF HOW SOME
MICE WANTED TO HANG A
BELL ON A CAT SO
THEY'D BE WARNED
OF HER APPROACH!
WELL KITTEN, I'VE
JUST
HUNG A
BELL ON
YOU!

AND BATMAN ISN'T KIDDING:
FOR BELOW, A POLICE CAR
ROLLS UP, ITS BELL CLANG
ING WILDLY

POLICE
CLANG!
CLANG!

Pete

REISER

I JUST COULDN'T
HELP IT, YOUR
HONOR

"PISTOL PETE" WAS
CHARGED WITH
84 STOLEN BASES
DURING 1946. HE
COMMITTED 6 MORE
FELONIES THAN ANY
OTHER CUSHION COPPER IN
BIG-LEAGUE BASEBALL

WHERE
DID I PICK
THIS UP?

"DON'T CATCH
ME MISSING AN IMPORTANT MEAL
LIKE BREAKFAST WHEN A DISH OF MILK,
FRUIT AND WHEATIES IS ON THE MENU,"
SAYS CHAMPION PETE REISER. THOSE
WHOLE WHEAT FLAKES COME THROUGH
IN THE NOURISHMENT DEPARTMENT
—AND THEY'VE GOT A FLAVOR THAT
MAKES EM MIGHTY EASY TO TAKE.
MAKE 'EM WHEATIES BREAKFAST OF
CHAMPIONS, EVERY MORNING.

AMONG REISER'S LOOT
WERE 7 THEFTS OF
HOME PLATE WITH THESE
MASTER BURGLARIES PETE
CARRIED OFF A MODERN
MAJOR LEAGUE
RECORD



WHEATIES

**BREAKFAST
WITH MILK
AND
FRUIT
OF CHAMPIONS"**

CHAMPION
BASE STEALER
OF THE
MAJOR
LEAGUES

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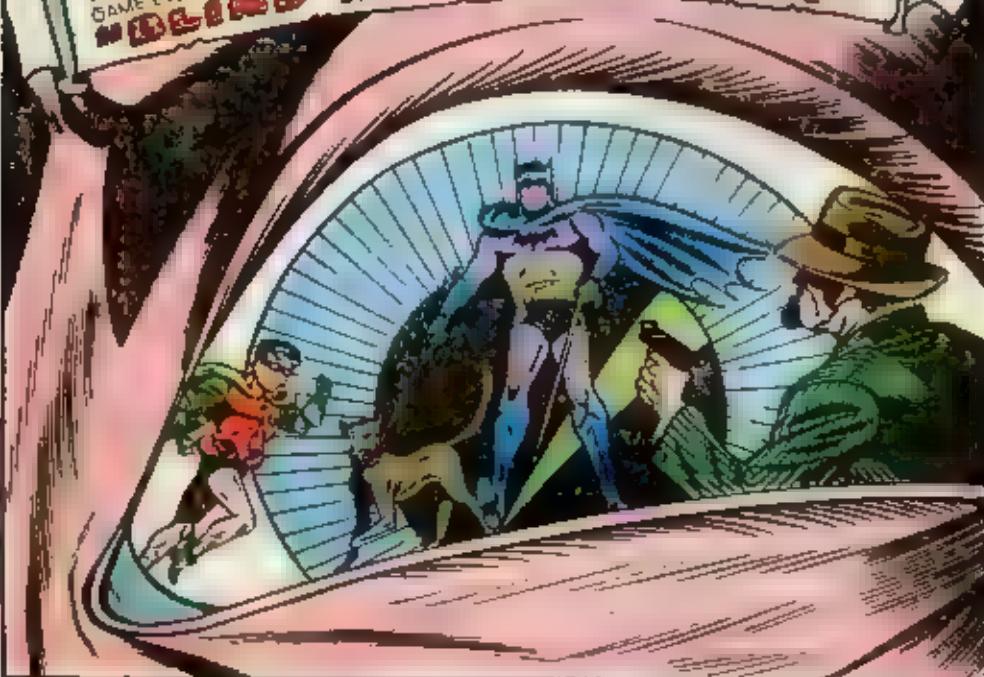
BATMAN

WITH
ROBIN
-THE BOY WONDER-

BY **BOB KANE**

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF BATMAN WERE SUDDENLY TO GO BLIND? AND SUPPOSE GANGLAND WERE TO SUSPECT THAT HE WAS BLIND? BATMAN...BLIND AS A BAT! JUST IMAGINE IT - BATMAN IN A DARK WORLD WHERE KNIVES GLITTER AND GUNS GLEAM, AND HE CANNOT SEE THEM! AND SOMEWHERE IN THAT DARKNESS LURKS AN ENEMY, WHOSE HAND REACHES OUT TO UNMASK HIM, AND EXPOSE HIS SECRET IDENTITY TO THE WORLD. WHAT CAN A BLIND MAN DO IN SUCH A SITUATION? HOW BATMAN MEETS THIS CHALLENGE IS THE STORY OF THE MOST PERILOUS GAME EVER PLAYED - A DEADLY GAME OF WITS KNOWN AS...

BLIND REASONS OF BLINDNESS!





ADRIFT ON THE RAFT THE TWO CASTAWAYS WAIT FOR INEVITABLE DEATH

ME TOO ... I WAS LAMMING! BATMAN WAS CRACKING DOWN ON MY RACKETS! HOW I HATE THAT BATMAN!

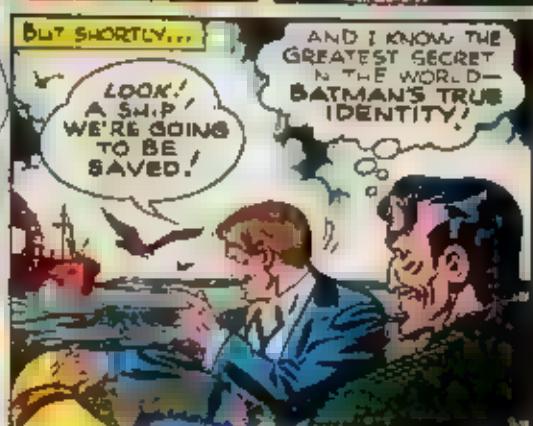


IF I HAD MY CHOICE OF REVENGE I WOULDN'T KILL BATMAN. I'D STOP HIM BY EXPOSING HIM SO HE COULDN'T BE BATMAN ANY MORE.

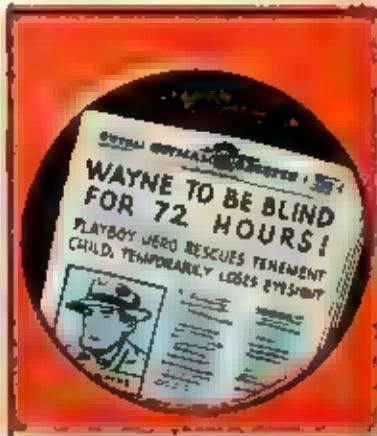
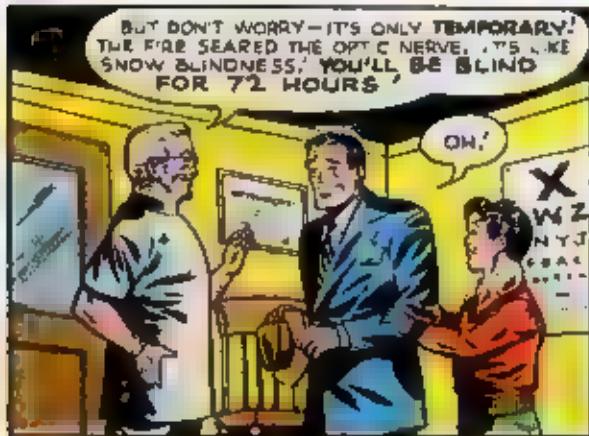


TWO MEN WITH NOTHING TO DO BUT TALK. THE WORDS FLOW EASILY...

“I'VE STUDIED POLICE RECORDS. OF ALL BATMAN'S CASES, AND I'M CONVINCED BATMAN IS THE MILLIONAIRE PLAY BOY, BRUCE WAYNE!







AND IN THE HOSPITAL WHERE DAN GRADY AND DUDS WEERY ARE RESTING UP FROM THEIR SEA ORDEAL...

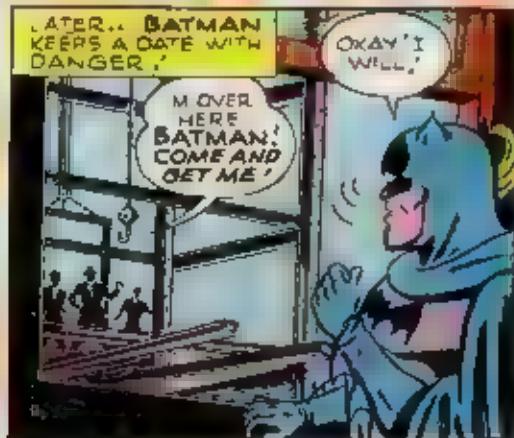
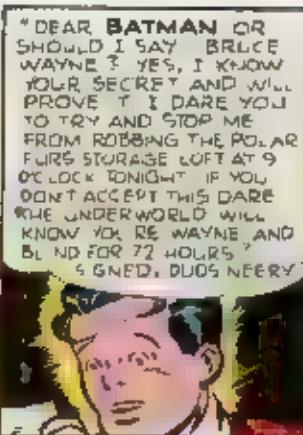


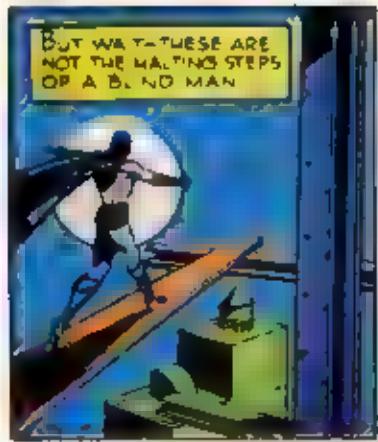
HE SAW THAT STORY I'VE GOT TO WARN WAYNE DUDS WILL USE THIS TO DESTROY BATMAN - SOMEHOW...



HA HA!

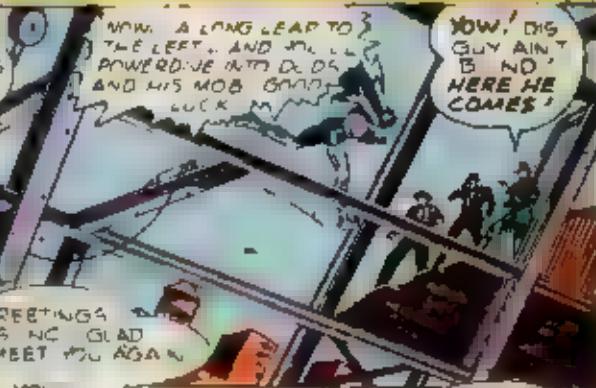






THE ANSWER... LIKE AN AIRFIELD RADIOS TO A PILOT FLYING BLIND IN A FOG... **ROBIN** BROADCASTS TO BLIND **BATMAN**!

AND THIS EARPHONES HIDDEN BY **BATMAN'S** COAT ENABLES **ROBIN** TO COME IN ON **ROBIN'S** BEAM...

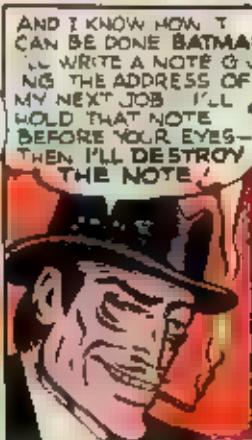
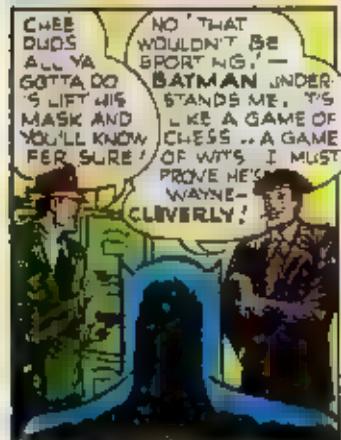
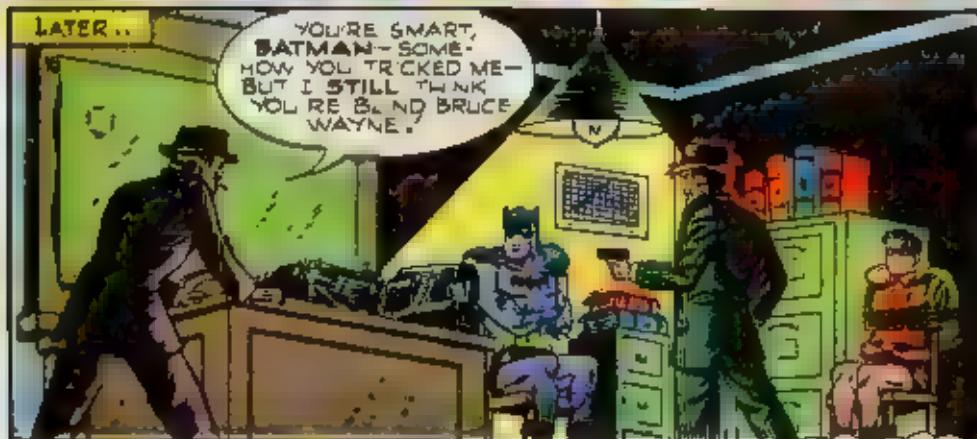


GREETINGS DR. Q! I'M SO GLAD TO MEET YOU AGAIN.

YOU'LL NEVER KNOW HOW FAR I...



WOULD YOU REPEAT THAT PLEASE?



AND DUDE DOES
TYPE THE NOTE



THE DUO HOLDS THE TYPED
NOTE BEFORE BATMAN'S
SIGHTLESS EYES . . .

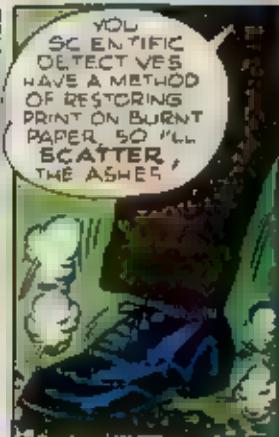
TAKE A GOOD LOOK
READ IT - IF
YOU CAN SEE



NOW I'M SETTING
THE PAPER AFIRE



YOU
SCIENTIFIC
DETECT VES
AVE A METHOD
F RESTORING
INT ON BURNT
APER, SO ILL
SCATTER,
HE A FEW,

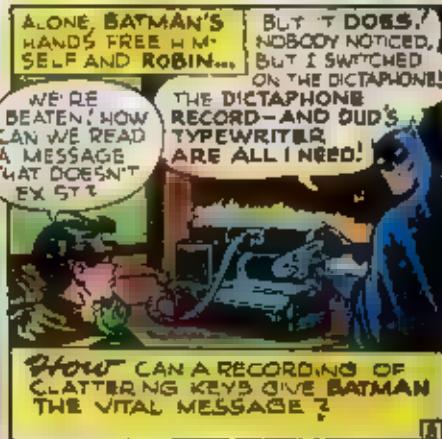


F YOU AREN'T BLIND,
BATMAN, YOU READ THAT
NOTE - BUT IF YOU ARE
BLIND, YOU CAN'T POSSIBLY
KNOW WHERE I'M GOING
NOW. SO I'LL KNOW
YOU'RE BRUCE WAYNE,
HA! HA!



ALONE, BATMAN'S
HANDS FREE HIM
-SELF AND ROBIN.

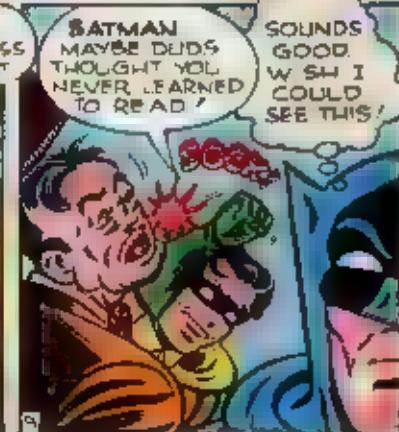
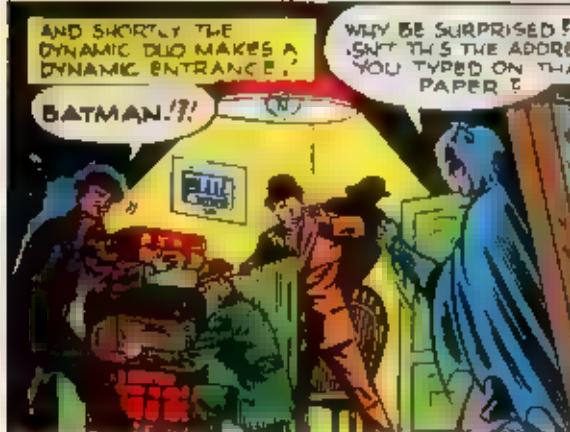
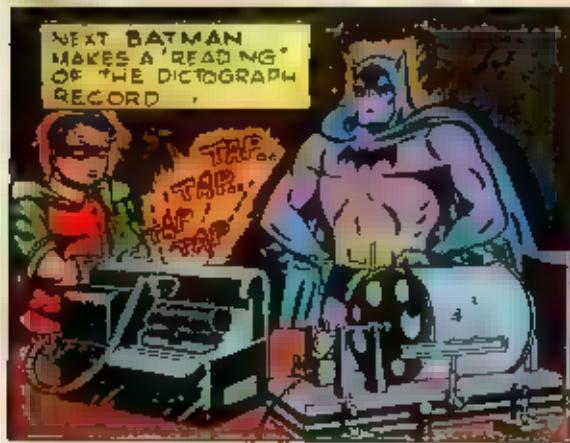
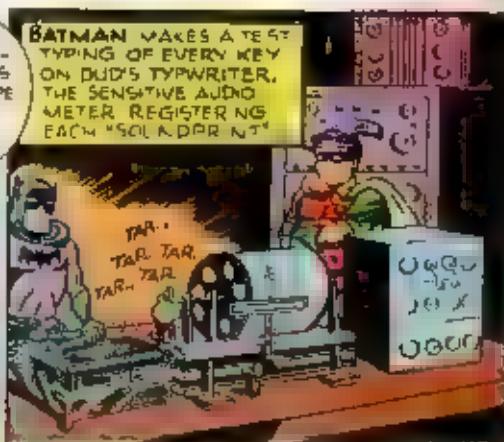
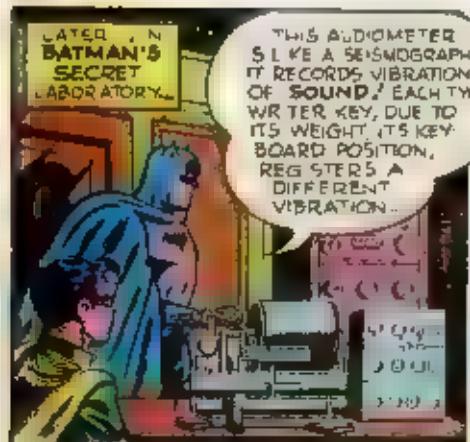
WE'RE
BEATEN! HOW
CAN WE READ
A MESSAGE
THAT DOESN'T
EXIST?



BUT I DO,?
NOBODY NOTICED,
BUT I SWITCHED
ON THE DICTAPHONE.

ON THE DICTAPHONE
THE DICTAPHONE
RECORD—AND DUD'S
TYPEWRITER
ARE ALL I NEED!

HOW CAN A RECORDING OF CLATTERING KEYS GIVE BATMAN THE VITAL MESSAGE?



SUDDENLY THE TERRIFIED THUGS MAKE A DASH FOR SAFETY!

BATMAN
AIN'T BLIND!
LEMME OUTA HERE!

THERE'S
OUR CAR!

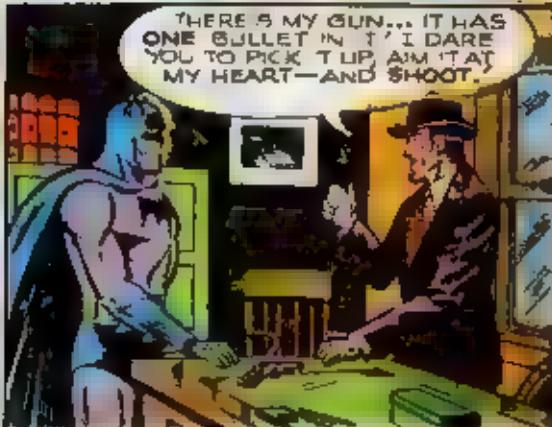
BATMAN...
YOU STAY
HERE. I'LL
GO AFTER
THEM!

AS ROBIN LEAVES, A
FIGURE MOVES OUT
OF THE SHADOWS...

WHY DID ROBIN
LEAVE YOU BEHIND,
BATMAN? IS IT
BECAUSE YOU
ARE BLIND?

ROBIN'S CONCERN IS ODD.
DID YOU TRICK ME AGAIN?
WELL, THIS TIME THERE
WON'T BE ANY TRICKS!

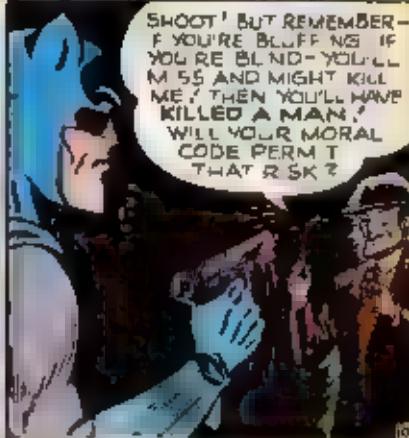
THERE'S MY GUN... IT HAS
ONE BULLET IN IT. I DARE
YOU TO PICK IT UP, AIM IT AT
MY HEART—AND SHOOT.



I NEVER KILLED
I NEVER USE
A GUN... NOT
EVEN ON A
HOODLUM
LIKE YOU!
BUT I CAN
SHOOT
ONE.

I WAS COUNTING ON THAT!
BUT YOU CAN
PROVE YOU'RE
NOT WAYNE...
BY SHOOTING A
CIGARETTE
FROM MY
HAND!

SHOOT! BUT REMEMBER—
IF YOU'RE BLUFFING IF
YOU'RE BLIND—YOU'LL
MISS AND MIGHT KILL
ME! THEN YOU'LL HAVE
KILLED A MAN!
WILL YOUR MORAL
CODE PERMIT
THAT RISK?



SHREWD,
DUDS,
HE KNOWS
BATMAN
WOULD NOT
RISK KILLING
ANYONE!
BUT IF
BATMAN
DOES NOT
SHOOT, DUDS
WILL HAVE
PROVED HE
IS THE BLIND
BRUCE WAYNE!
NEVER HAS
BATMAN'S
CAREFULLY
GUARDED
IDENTITY BEEN
CLOSER TO
UNMASKING!

DUDS TAKES HIS EYES FROM BATMAN... LOOKS DOWN AT HIS CIGARETTE AND AS HE DOES SO, A SHOT RINGS OUT.



BUT AS DUDS LEAVES HURRIEDLY...

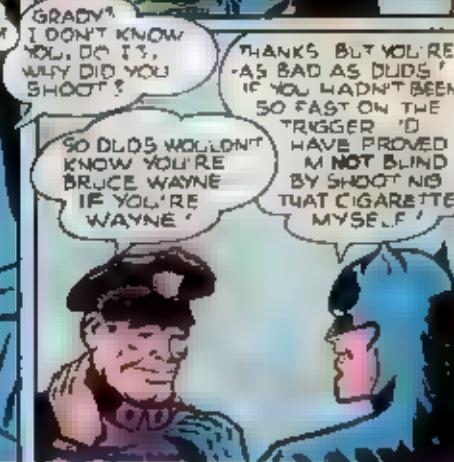
IT'S ME... GRADY THE COP! I HEARD A NOISE UP HERE AND WAS IN TIME TO HEAR DUDS! SO I SHOT THE CIGARETTE IN HALF!



GRADY "I'VE GOT TO PRETEND I DON'T KNOW HIM BECAUSE I MET HIM AS BRUCE WAYNE"



AND NOW IT IS DUDS WHO IS BLIND - BLIND WITH PANIC!



THANKS BUT YOU'RE AS BAD AS DUDS! IF YOU HADN'T BEEN SO FAST ON THE TRIGGER I'D HAVE PROVED I'M NOT BLIND BY SHOOTING THAT CIGARETTE MYSELF!

GOT TO GET RID OF HIM BEFORE HE GETS SUSPICIOUS

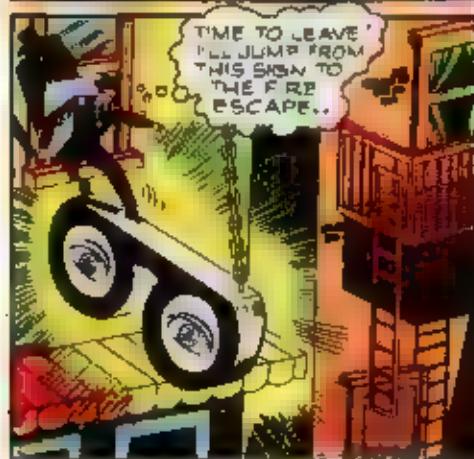
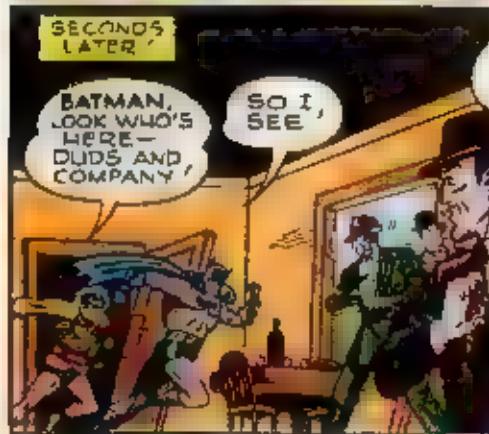
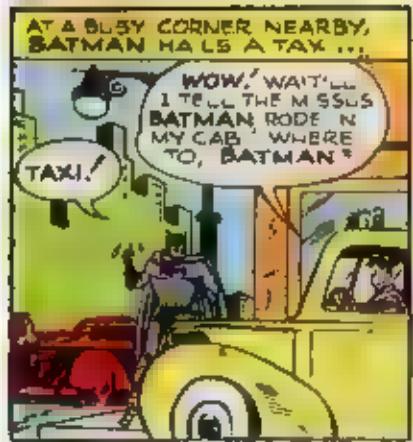


BUT YOU'RE A POLICEMAN - YOU SHOULD BE CHASING DUDS!



ALONE NOW BATMAN USES HIS TWO-WAY RADIO TO CONTACT ROBIN...





IRON C
FATE -
DUDS
WHO
TRYED TO
TRAP
BATMAN
BY HIS
BLIND
EYES, IS
HIMSELF
TRAPPED
BY
"EYES"
THAT
SUDENLY
GO
"BLIND"!



NEXT DAY, THE DUO KEEPS A PREVIOUS DATE
AT A TOY STORE TO TELL YOUNGSTERS
ABOUT THE EVILS OF CRIME...

WE UNDERSTAND
OLD'S MEN THOUGHT
YOU WERE BRUCE
WAYNE - ANY STATE
MENT, BATMAN?

GEE... I'D
LIKE TO GET
ROBIN'S
ALTOGRAPH!

TOYS



SUPPOSE I LET
MY ACTIONS
ANSWER THAT!
WATCH THAT
TARGET!



WOW!
BULL'S-EYE!
ALL OF 'EM! THAT'S
PROOF ENOUGH FOR
ME THAT BATMAN
IS NOT BRUCE
WAYNE!

ME, TOO!



AND BATMAN AND ROBIN GRIN AT EACH
OTHER... FOR, ANTICIPATING TH'S SITUATION,
THEY HAD PUT A POWERFUL MAGNET
INSIDE THE DART TARGET.



BATMAN'S SECRET'S SAFE! ALL ARE
CONVINCED. EVEN THESE TWO SKEPTICS!

BATMAN!
BRUCE
WAYNE
BAH!

NO USE SAYING
THE NOTES THAT I
THOUGHT WOULD PROVE
BATMAN IS BRUCE
WAYNE. JUST SHOWS
YOU HOW WRONG
A GUY CAN BE!



LOOK AT BILL'S SHIRT! GEE WHIZ— ANIMAL PICTURES!

HEY BILL—WAIT UP!
WHERE'D YOU GET THOSE
NEAT PICTURES!

THEY'RE CALLED "HOT IRON TRANSFERS"—
MOM JUST PRESSES THEM ON WITH A HOT IRON.
YOU GET ONE AS A PRIZE IN EVERY PACKAGE
OF KELLOGG'S SHREDDED WHEAT!

THAT'S FOR US!



HERE'S THE LATEST
—A SEAL!

GOSH! SICK PICTURES
AND KELLOGG'S
SHREDDED WHEAT
TOO! M-M-M-M-

WE CAN SWAP EXTRAS
AND GET A WHOLE SET!

GENUINE HOT IRON TRANSFERS—

a picture prize in every package!

EASY—Mom just irons on on 'em. Comes out sharp and clean—without any wrappings. There's one as a prize in every package of Kellogg's Shredded Wheat!

HEY KIDS! GET YOUR PICTURES
TO WEAR ON SHIRTS AND
BANDANNAS—IN KELLOGG'S
SHREDDED WHEAT!

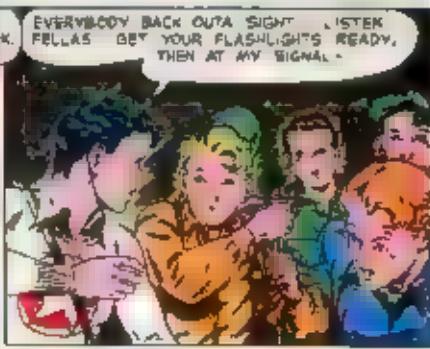
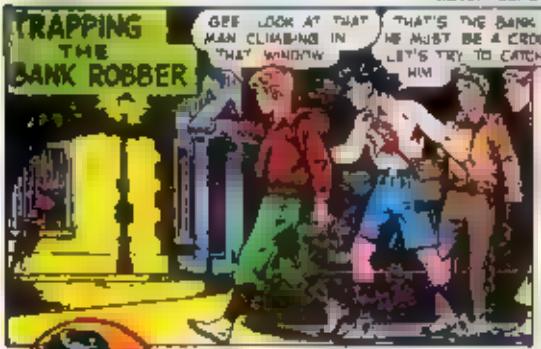


KIDS LOVE IT, MOM!

Full of
what can't-be-cooked Kellogg flavor
full of good old-fashioned, energizing
nourishment, too!



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DEATH STALK

by Bob Baker

MARC BANE moved silently through the woods, every sense alert. The sunglasses he had strapped on only a few minutes ago lay snug on his lithe hips. A leather thong held the holsters firm against his thighs.

Woodcraft was a science with Marc Bane, and he now brought into play all he knew about it. With Indian Charlie on the loose, a man had to keep his senses about him. This was a death stalk, and Marc Bane knew it.

His nervous, questing eyes scanned the ground carefully. Marc Bane knew it would not be easy to pick up Charlie's trail. Even now the Indian might be watching him, ready to send an arrow of death his way.

From somewhere on his left came the shrill cry of a bird. Marc Bane paused, tense. Was that a signal? He wondered. Does Charlie see me?

For a long moment he stood tense and silent. Then, gradually, he relaxed. He moved forward, eyes on the ground. Suddenly, he stopped and a smile broke the tension in his face. It was only a tiny piece of paper, and it might have gone unnoticed by a stalker less skilled than Marc Bane.

He picked it up, put it in his pocket. "I'm on his trail now!" he told himself exultantly. "And he'll never get away from me!"

Marc Bane's hands stole to his guns, stayed there as he moved forward. To his right a creek burbled softly over the rocks. It was cool in the woods, despite the heat of the noonday sun.

As he thought of noon, Marc Bane's

forehead furrowed. He had just remembered something else, something mighty important. For a moment, he considered turning back, then he shook his head. "Just a little more time," he murmured, "that's all I need—a little more time."

There was a sudden noise in the foliage ahead. Quickly, Marc Bane slipped behind a tree. It was quite possible that Indian Charlie, thinking to shake off his pursuer, might double back on his tracks.

Hidden behind the tree, he waited. The guns were out of their holsters now,hammers cocked.

He breathed a sigh of relief as three people emerged from a dense part of the woods. They carried picnic baskets with them. They were girls, about fourteen years of age.

Marc Bane watched them with cool eyes as they passed on without seeing him. "Picnickers!" He shook his head. "Mighty dangerous for them to be in the woods right now."

Then he stiffened as the words of one of the girls reached him. She was saying

"I was scared half to death! Imagine—an Indian!"

One of the other girls laughed. "It was all right, Mildred. You could see he had something on his mind. He wasn't interested in us."

Indian! Marc Bane's pulse jumped. Indian Charlie wasn't far away, and, apparently he was moving north, for the picnickers had come from that direction.

"He knows he's being followed now."

Marc Bane breathed. "And he'll know it's me that's on his trail. Hot on it."

He stepped from behind the tree. The girls had come from approximately north-east. That could mean that Indian Charlie was working his way along the creek.

"And he's probably heading for the cave" Marc Bane exulted, "to wait for me to show up." He could picture it in his mind -- Indian Charlie, beady eyes cold, waiting to send an arrow into Marc Bane.

Confident now that he was on the right trail, Marc Bane cut away from the creek. His circumspect course took him over rocks which played hob with his clothing.

He was breathing heavily as he neared his goal. He had come up behind the cave. Now, moving in a half-crouch, carefully, cautiously he inched toward the cave, sure that Indian Charlie was already there.

Marc Bane dropped to his hands and knees as he reached the top of the cave. Below, the brook rushed past and, over the noise of the water, Marc Bane heard a sound -- a human, familiar sound.

A sneeze! There was someone in the cave. Indian Charlie!

Marc Bane looked around. Suddenly, something brushed past his legs. He jumped back as a yellow form streaked past him. A wildcat. He called it a name, under his breath, for startling him.

Then he stiffened, his breath silent in his throat at the more compelling danger that was before him. The feathers on Indian Charlie's headdress were rising up out of the cave. No time now to reach for a gun. Marc Bane knew how fast Indian Charlie could move.

He leaped.

His arms locked around the lithe form of Indian Charlie and the two, the pursuer and the pursued, rolled on the ground. There was a slight slope to the ground and this Marc Bane had not reckoned with as he tried vainly to get his guns.

"Look out," Indian Charlie grunted, "we're going in."

The warning came too late. Arms still locked around each other, they fell into the brook. The cold water knifed through to their skins. They stopped fighting briefly as they struggled to regain their feet, to get up out of the icy water.

Indian Charlie pushed Marc Bane away. He looked at his wet clothes, his bedraggled headdress. Fear was in his eyes, but it was not fear of Marc Bane's guns.

"Goily, Marc," he said, "you shoulda been more careful, jumping on me like that. Now look at us. Boy, will we get it when Mom sees us!" He bent to slap water from his pants. "What time is it?"

Marc Bane brushed water from his eyes. "I think it's way past dinnertime," he said, "and you know Pop." He, too, looked worried. "I -- I forgot to get the meat for his lunch."

Suddenly, his face brightened. "Hey, I saw Mrs. Pearce's cat a couple of minutes ago. He must have run away from home. If we can catch him and bring him back, nobody'll say anything. Come on."

Anxiously, the two foes, allied now, hurried in search of the runaway cat.

And at home Mrs. Bane was saying to her husband. "Bill, I just don't know what to do with those two boys since you gave them those cowboy and Indian suits. They spend all their time in the park!"

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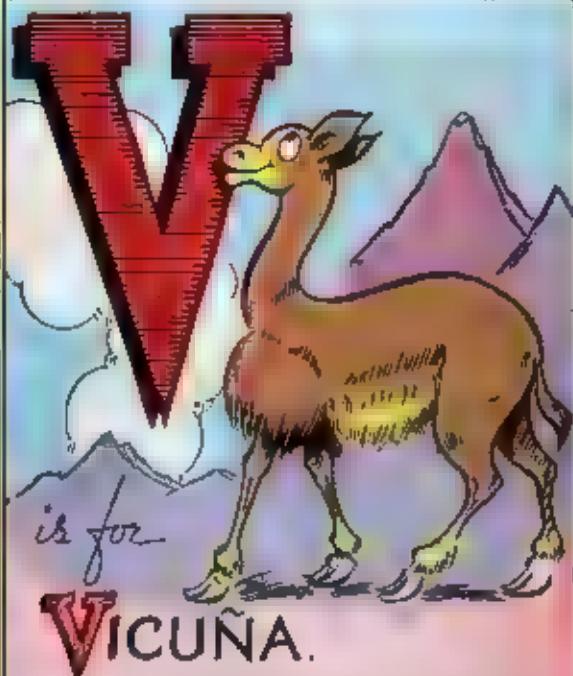
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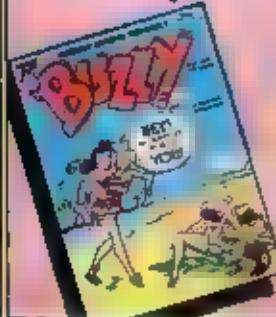


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DOWN SOUTH AMERICA WAY,
HE RUMINATES ON GRASSES
AND HE SAYS
"NOW THAT AIN'T HAY!"
"AND AS FOR COMIC BOOKS,
MY FRIENDS,
I'LL TELL YOU FOLKS NO L-E-
THE ONES THAT BEAR
THE GOOD OLD SIGN,
ARE THE ONLY ONES TO BUY!"



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MAGAZINE!

BATMAN

WITH

ROBIN

- THE BOY WONDER -

STRANGE AND FEARFUL ARMORED MONSTERS STALK THE STREETS OF GOTHAM CITY... METAL PROXIES WHO CLANK THROUGH THE NIGHT OBEDIING INVISIBLE MASTERS WHO MOVE THEM LIKE MONSTER MARIONETTES!

But a man and a boy CHALLENGE THESE GIANT PAWNS OF PERIL... BATMAN AND ROBIN, THE BOY WONDER... WHO BATTLE ALL CRIMINALS, EVEN IF THE BANDITS ARE HUMAN, LIKE...

THE ROBOT ROBBERS



THIS IS "LIFER'S ROW" IN STATE PRISON WHERE HARDENED CRIMINALS SERVE A SENTENCE SOME CONSIDER WORSE THAN DEATH—LIFE IMPRISONMENT. MEET JAWBONE BANNON

THE JUDGE GIMME 99 YEARS!
I ONLY GOT 60
YEARS TO GO.
AIN'T THAT A LAUGH!

WHITEY DREES, WHO HAS SERVED 28 YEARS...

I WONDER WHAT IT'S LIKE OUTSIDE?
I'LL BET EVEN THE RACKETS HAVE CHANGED!

AND FOUR EYES FOLEY!

IT'S BEEN 36 YEARS
SINCE I PULLED MY
LAST JOB, BUT I
AIN'T RUSTY. FI, EVER GET OUT...

THEN ONE DAY COMES A RAY OF HOPE—A SMUGGLED NOTE!

SAY, THIS NOTE SAYS A PLANE'S GONNA SPRNG JS TOMORROW!

AND WHY IS HE PICKIN THREE OLD TIMERS LIKE US?

BUT WHO'S BEHIND IT?

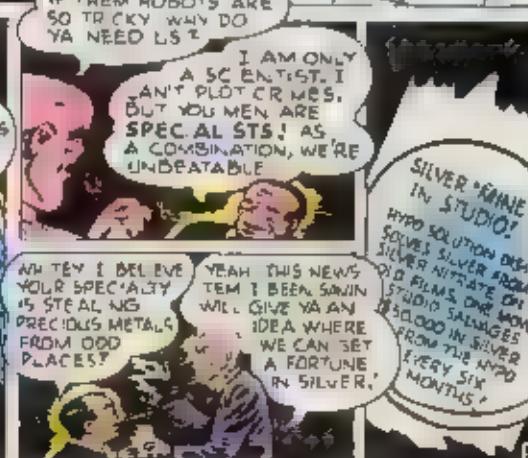
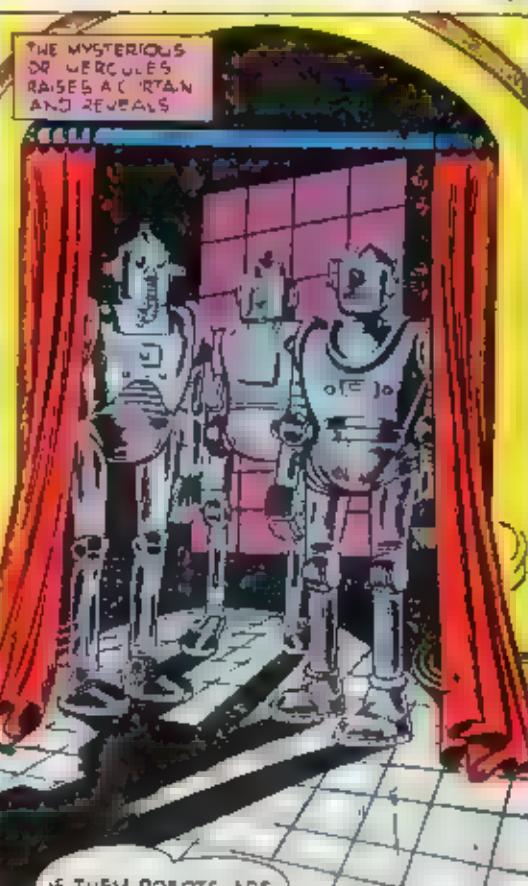
NEXT DAY A RADIO-CONTROLLED HELICOPTER DROPS SMOKE BOMBS AND A LADDER OVER THE PRISON YARD, AND...

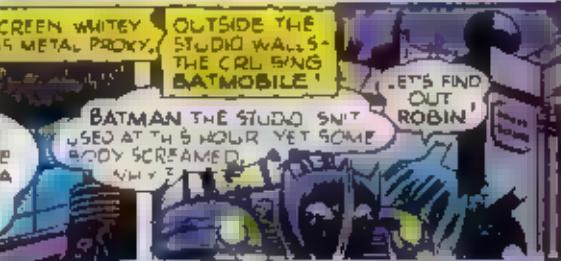
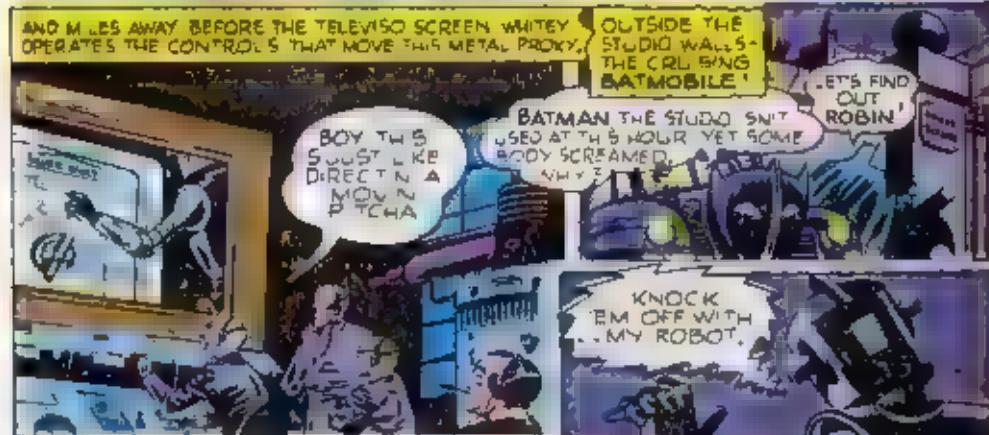
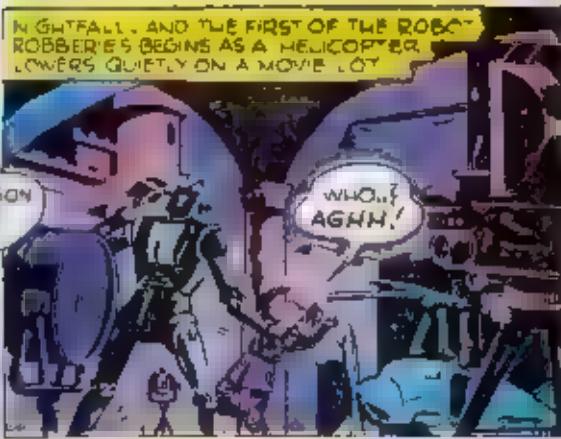
AT LAST WE'RE GETTIN OUT.

COUGH SOUND THE ALARM COUGH

THE MYSTERY PLANE TRANSPORTS THE TRIO TO A HUGE ESTATE...

I AM DOCTOR HERCULES—YOUR LIBERATOR! COME IN AND I'LL EXPLAIN WHY I FREED YOU LIFERS







MEANWHILE, BACK AT DR. HERCULES' CRIME CITADEL...

THE WHOLE
SET IS BURNING!
YOU MUST SAVE
YOUR ROBOT! QUICKLY
YOU FOOL - SEND THE
HELICOPTER TO
HIM!



RADIO-CONTROLLED
RESCUE FOR A ROBOT!

ROBIN
JUMP THE
HORSE IS
FALLING!



DR. HERCULES
WE'VE TAKEN
MORE OUTA MUSEUMS
THAN THEY PUT IN EM

FOUR EYES I
HEAR YOU'RE AN
EXPERT AT LOOT-
ING MUSEUMS...

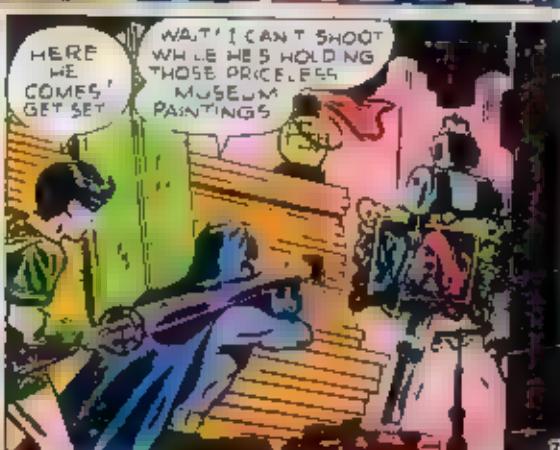
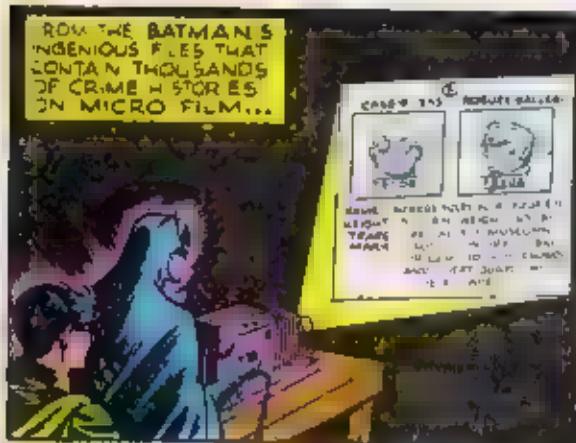


MEANWHILE... TWO CRIME BUSTERS ARE NOT IDLE...

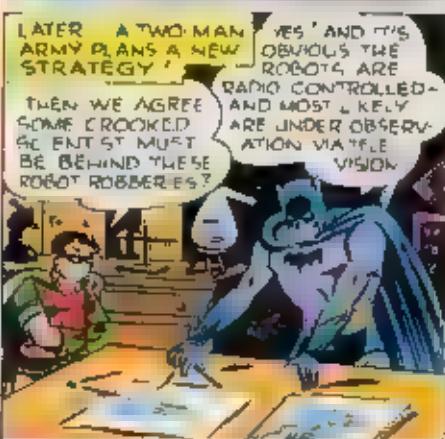
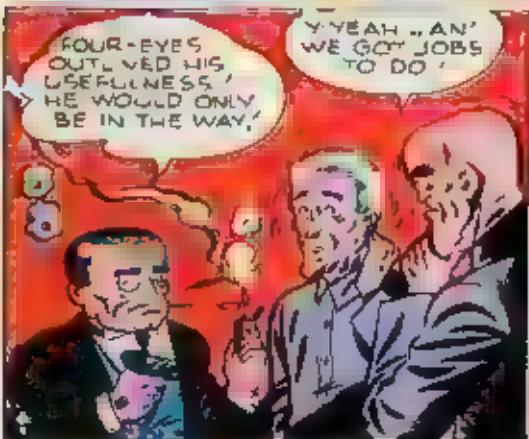
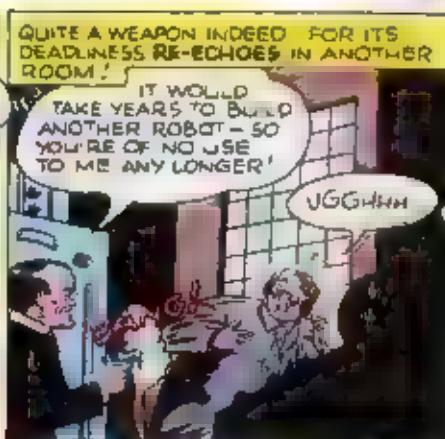
THIS NEWSPAPER STORY
83295 THE NUMBER ON
THAT ROBOT IS THE SAME
AS ON ONE OF THOSE ES-
CAPED L-FERS, I
EDDIE DENCE!

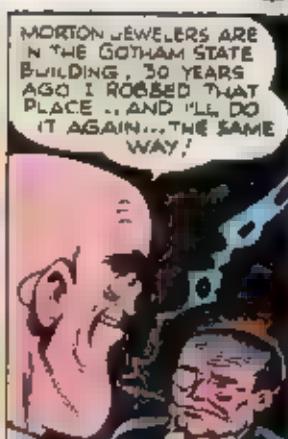
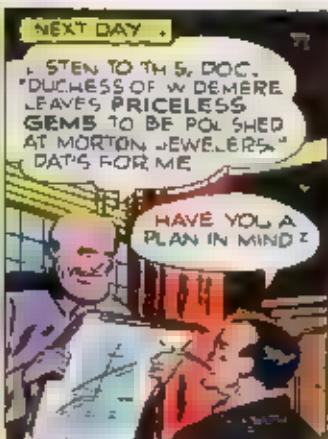
I WONDER?
LET'S CHECK
WITH OUR
FILES!











PRESENTLY IN THE EXPRESS ELEVATOR ROCKETING UP TO THE GOTHAM STATE BUILDING'S OBSERVATION TOWER...

30 YEARS AGO AFTER I GOT THE SWAG THERE WAS A SMALL BMP WAITIN' FOR ME GETAWAY... NOW THERE'LL BE A HELICOPTER BUT THE TECHNIQUE'S THE SAME HA HA!

BUT ALSO WAITING ARE BATMAN AND ROBIN!

GREETINGS!



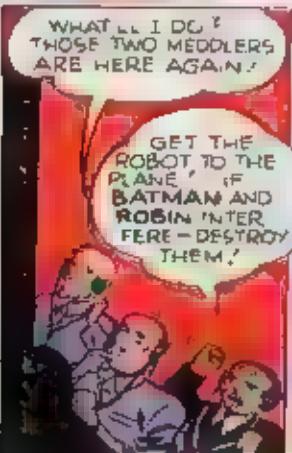
WHAT'LL I DO? THOSE TWO MEDDLERS ARE HERE AGAIN!

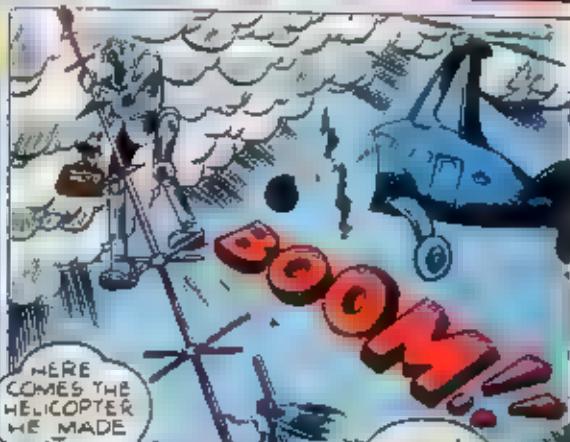
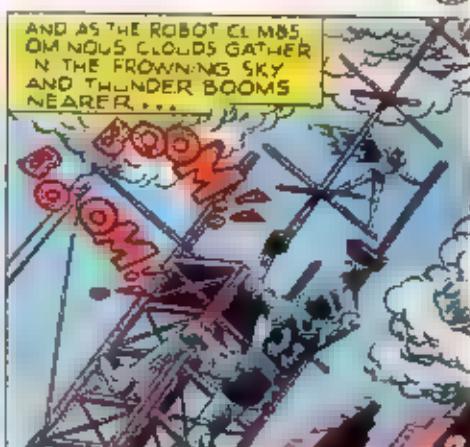
GET THE ROBOT TO THE PLANE! IF BATMAN AND ROBIN INTERFERE - DESTROY THEM!

AS THE ROBOT RAIDER REACHES FOR ROBIN...

NOW IF I CAN HOOK MY LEGS AROUND THIS HOIST ROPE...

I CAN GIVE 'EM IRON MAN A BELLYACHE!





"ABRUPTLY, LIKE A CROOKED FINGER OF DOOM, A JAGGED LIGHTNING BOLT STRIKES THE ROBOT!"



LATER, BATMAN EXPLAINS . . .

I KNEW JAWBONE'S METHOD OF CRIME SO I HAD TO LURE HIS ROBOT HERE DURING A LIGHTNING STORM.

BUT WHY WERE YOU SURE THE LIGHTNING WOULD HIT THE ROBOT?

"LIGHTNING IN- VARIABLY SEEKS THE TALLEST POINT IN THE CITY. AND GOTHAM'S HIGHEST POINT IS THE GOTH AM STATE BUILDING ESPECIALLY WHEN THERE'S A STEEL ROBOT ON ITS ANTENNA!"



"AND AT THAT INSTANT IN THE CONTROL ROOM"



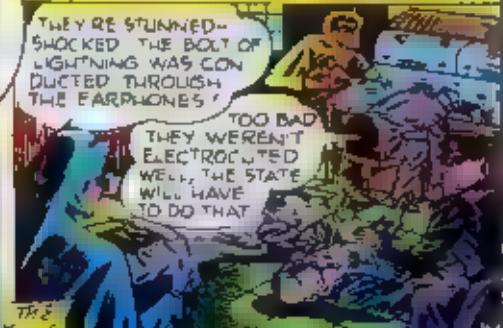
"THEN THEIR INVISIBLE LIFELINES SNAPPED. THE HELICOPTER AND THE MONSTER ROBOT PLUNGE TO A SHATTERING DOOM."



LATER, BY CHECKING SERIAL NUMBERS ON THE HELICOPTER PARTS, THE PURCHASES ARE TRACED TO THE HOME OF DOCTOR HERCULES . . .

"THEY'RE STUNNED- SHOCKED. THE BOLT OF LIGHTNING WAS CONDUCTED THROUGH THE EARPHONES!"

"TOO BAD. THEY WEREN'T ELECTROCUTED WELL, THE STATE WILL HAVE TO DO THAT."



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NOT BAD. LET ME SHOW
YOU MY IMITATION OF A
VIOLENT TORNADO.



I'LL BACK UP A LITTLE
IT SOUNDS BETTER AT A
DISTANCE...



GEE, POP, THAT
SOUNDED LIKE AN
IMITATION OF A MAN
FALLING DOWN STAIRS!



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NOT REED RIDER
TEACH ME TO
HANDLE GUN WITH
CARE / WALK WITH
CUT - YOU HOLD ON
- TREAT BRANCH
- IT DREAMS



YOUR DAISY IS A FUN GUN—NOT A LETHAL WEAPON. BUT IT MIGHT CAUSE DAMAGE. LIKE A KID'S BIRTHDAY PARTY. IF NOT HANDLED CAREFULLY. DAVIS PODNER



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AND PEOPLE.

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